

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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IOWA

19TH TRIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE IOWA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

By a Staff Correspondent

Harmony and good feeling, extending even to the much-maligned old N. A. D., marked the deliberations of the Iowa Association of the Deaf in convention assembled at Davenport, August 22d to 24th.

Hotel Blackhawk was convention headquarters, and within its spacious Gold Room assembled the cream of Iowa deafdom, with numerous visitors from Illinois, for the business and pleasure events scheduled on the formal program. Reaching its climax with the election of officers Friday afternoon, the business of the association was briskly and intelligently taken care of under the guidance of President John J. Marty of Council Bluffs, ending his second term in the chair. Norman G. Scarvie, also of Council Bluffs, took care of the minutes with a calm and unflustered air.

While only 77 members registered, the attendance easily doubled that figure, reaching the peak on Saturday afternoon at the picnic at Little Grove, when those who were unable to leave their work earlier in the week joined the throng on its day of uninterrupted pleasure. Saturday, the day devoted to sightseeing and relaxation from the strain of business, started with a tour of the city, including the Rock Island arsenal, largest in the country. "A Little Bit of Heaven," that remarkable work of eccentric Palmer of chiropractic fame, easily eclipsed the other features of the city, and diverted the crowd for considerably over an hour. From there the long line of cars made its way out of the city for several miles to Little Grove Park, where an old-fashioned farm dinner was served as the preliminary to the afternoon devoted to games and sports.

The convention officially opened at 10:30 Thursday morning, August 22d, with an address of welcome by City Attorney Harold Thuenen, interpreted by Mrs. Petra F. Howard of St. Paul. Fred Ward of Fort Dodge responded in his usual serious-happy vein.

The address of President Marty was a brief but intelligent summary of the problems of the past four years, and the efforts towards their solution. It was well received. In the brief business session, after brisk debate, the practice of following the dictates of a nominating committee was voted out, and the freedom of nominations from the floor restored to the members.

During the two days devoted to business, the members were treated to meaty addresses by Mrs. Petra F. Howard, Labor Commissioner of the Deaf of Minnesota ("What Are Our Industrial Problems?"); Tom L. Anderson, Vocational Principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf ("Standards"); and C. Ross Koons of Des Moines, who explained his efforts to secure the passage of legislation favoring a State Labor Bureau in Iowa.

The Iowa Association voted to affiliate with the National Association of the Deaf under Plan Two, following the report of State Representative Anderson in which he read a forceful letter from President Kenner. Mr. Anderson was re-elected State Representative of the N. A. D.

The election of officers resulted in a new line-up as follows: Carl W. Osterberg of Cedar Rapids, president; H. B. West of Fairfield (re-elected) first vice-president; Palmer Lee of Kennett, second vice-president; Norman Scarvie of Council Bluffs (re-

-elected) secretary; Fred Ward of Ft. Dodge (re-elected) treasurer; John Marty of Council Bluffs, member of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation Fund for the 9-year term, later named Treasurer by the Board.

Miss Mary Dobson of Council Bluffs gave her report as Treasurer of the Foundation Fund, showing something over \$10,000 in cash, bonds and stocks as having been brought safely through the recent storm in the financial world with an indeterminate loss of less than \$50. Miss Dobson served out the unexpired term of the late Dr. J. S. Long, and the Board selected Mr. John Marty to succeed her at Davenport when she refused further honor.

Some time was devoted to ways and means of making the Iowa *Hawkeye* the official publication of the I. A. D. in fact as well as in name, and finally the problem was put over until the next meeting.

While the Iowa State Association conventions are triennial, it is four years since the meeting at Mason City. The convention was postponed a year due to conditions last summer, which were generally unfavorable. To preserve the triennial rule, the next meeting will be held in 1937.

Des Moines was selected as the Convention City, in a one-sided contest with Council Bluffs.

A reception was held in the Gold Room Thursday evening, with officers and members of the Local Committee and their wives in the line. Moving pictures of activities and buildings at the Iowa School were shown by Mr. Eugene McConnell and explained by Mr. Anderson. Refreshments of sandwiches and punch were served.

Eighty plates were laid for the banquet Friday night, at which toasts were given in the form of an acrostic from "IOWA." Mr. W. A. Nelson, chairman of the Local Committee, explained that "I" stood for "Interest," which had always been shown by the deaf of Iowa in their organization, and without which the organization could not prosper. Retiring President John J. Marty construed the "O" to mean "Onward"; Fred Ward, the watch-dog of the association treasury, considered that "Watchfulness" was an apt interpretation of the "W"; while one of the youngest members, Mrs. Norman G. Scarvie, gracefully signed her belief that "Ambition" just about rounded out the list of virtues embodied in the Iowa idea.

President-elect C. W. Osterberg was introduced as the man who could sum up all the virtues of "Iowa," which he proceeded to do in the story of the group of Iowa souls who were penned up in Heaven by St. Peter because they were continually trying to escape back to their "Beautiful Land." Mrs. Petra Howard graciously defined the period, which Toastmaster Anderson claimed was the end of the acrostic.

A dance and drill was an added feature of the banquet program, put on by four ladies of the local committee, Mrs. Chas. Loughran, Mrs. William Loughran, Mrs. Arnold Waliker, and Miss Erickson.

The general tone of the discussions concerned with school matters favored the present administration of the Iowa School. Mr. Anderson, who spoke for the School in the absence of Superintendent McIntire, urged that there be less attention paid to irresponsible criticism always going the rounds, and for a more general disposition to go direct to headquarters for information based upon the facts in each case. He reported that thirty deaf persons are employed at the school. The new

standard, up to which the high school department has recently been raised, gave the school a great advantage in the effort to educate the deaf up to the standards of the hearing public schools of the state, he said.

It is interesting to note here that seven recent graduates of the high school department of the Iowa School for the Deaf will be enrolled in the various Iowa colleges for the hearing this fall, aided by the State, which assists them with free scholarships.

Two missionaries to the deaf were in attendance throughout the sessions, and alternated in invoking Divine Guidance upon the deliberations. They were the Rev. Henry S. Rutherford and the Rev. Homer E. Grace.

The Local Committee was as follows: W. A. Nelson, chairman; Chas. Loughran, O. T. Osterberg, William Loughran, Chas. Sharrar, Arnold Waliker, Ira Ricketts, Mrs. C. Loughran, Mrs. O. T. Osterberg, and Mrs. Chas. Sharrar. The genial chairman, beloved by everyone, is one of the charter members of the association, and all give him the credit for the successful outcome of a difficult undertaking.

The report of Chairman Staudacher of the necrology committee showed that 54 members have passed to the Great Beyond since the Mason City convention in 1931.

The report of the resolutions committee, headed by Walter Poshusta, favored the administration of the School by the State Board of Education, the erection of a new building for the vocational training department at the school, and the passage of legislation leading to the creation of a state labor bureau for the deaf in Iowa. Resolutions also favored the early start of an effort to found a Home, using the funds now on hand.

The exhibit of handicraft of the deaf was not as large as had been hoped, but a start was made. An interesting collection of quilts were shown, and a maple bridge lamp. Several photographs were also shown. The prizes went as follows: First, Eleanor Bond, Missouri Valley, a pupil at the state school, quilt; second, Mrs. Ethel Koblenz Lau of Klemme, quilt. Mr. and Mrs. Lau donated quilt and bridge lamp to be sold for the Foundation Fund. Several quilts were donated for sale, including one from a group of Iowa ladies in Los Angeles, Cal.; one from Mr. O. H. Brown of Fonda, made by his wife now deceased; one made by Mrs. Robert Brown of Council Bluffs, carrying the names of over 450 persons in applique; and one by the ladies of the Mascia Club of Mason City and vicinity. All together these items brought a neat sum into the fund. Additional contributions to the fund were received from the Cobia Club of Council Bluffs, \$10 cash; Mrs. George Crosby of Cedar Falls, \$8 for a quilt she made and sold; and \$50 from Mrs. Effie W. Anderson of Council Bluffs, commissions on magazine subscriptions taken during the past four years.

Appreciative Subscriber

The editor of the *Kingston* (N. Y.) *Freeman* is said to have received a letter reading as follows:

"Please send a few copies of the paper containing the obituary of my aunt. Also publish the enclosed clipping on the marriage of my niece, who lives in Saugerties. And I wish you would mention in your local column, if it doesn't cost anything, that I have two nice puppies for sale. As my subscription is out, please stop the paper, as times are too hard to waste money on newspapers."

NEW YORK CITY

ST. ANN'S NEWS

St. Ann's Church activities will begin with the celebration of the Holy Communion on Sunday, September 8th, in the morning at 11 o'clock and in the afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Vicar, who has returned from his vacation looking the picture of health and full of vigor, will officiate at both services. At the afternoon service the choir will also make its start.

The Woman's Parish Aid Society is planning a one-day Bazaar to be held November 16th. Mrs. Charles Olsen is chairman, and her assistants are Mrs. H. Liebsohn, Mrs. James Gass and Miss Elizabeth Kohler.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes is also planning a Fair in the parish house of St. Mark's Church, early in December.

The deaf of St. John's Mission, Union City, are planning a social affair in the parish house of St. John's Church, Union City, on Saturday evening, September 21st, at eight o'clock.

The regular meetings of the Men's Club and of the Woman's Parish Aid Society will be held on Thursday evening, September 19th, at 8:15 o'clock.

A marriage that united two popular young members of St. Ann's Church took place on Wednesday evening, the 21st of August, when Miss Sally Laverty and Mr. Edmund Hicks were joined together by Rev. G. C. Braddock. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in Brooklyn, N. Y., before members of the respective families and a few intimate friends.

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Braddock and daughter spent most of the summer in the mountains, at Middlefield, Mass., and Mount Pocono, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kruger saw a polo game for the first time when on Sunday, September 1st, they witnessed the Hurlingham Four of England turn back the famous Cecil Smith and the Meadow Brook Club of America, 9 to 8, in an international match at the Sands Point Club in Port Washington, L. I. It was a magnificent combat, teeming with action from beginning to end. Prior to the start of the game there was a pony parade of forty of the finest ponies in the world. Flags of both nations adorned all the stands. Moreover, a splendid band was on hand. All contrived to give the spectacle true international aspect.

Miss Louise Burton, of Washington, D. C., accompanied by Mr. Archie Wynoop, of Vienna, Va., in his Packard sedan, enjoyed a week-end visit with her mother, Mrs. Harry S. Lewis, at Yonkers, N. Y. Their sightseeing tour embraced White Plains, Tarrytown, Ossining, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh and West Point. A stroll along the "Great White Way" was also enjoyable.

Mrs. Annette Mumford, the mother of Maybelle Lieberz, passed away in her sleep Wednesday, August 28th, at the residence of her eldest daughter, Vera, in Pelham Bay Parkway. Funeral services were held Friday night. Mrs. Kent rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light." Burial was at Ferncliffe, N.Y.

Mr. Joseph Mazzola was in Patchogue, L. I., for a few days with his folks Monday, August 15th.

(Continued on page 8)

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

From the school comes the information that school work will begin September 16th. Pupils will arrive the day before that date. Salaries are to be the same as last year.

Miss Maybelle Sekyra, of the teaching force, was married in July, thus making seven vacancies to be filled. Miss Sekyra was a very successful teacher of the younger pupils.

Being over at Buckeye Lake one day in July, Mr. Greener, with his folks, found a jolly crowd of young deaf folks enjoying themselves. I believe they rented a furnished cottage there for a week. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. LaFountain, Mr. and Mrs. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Schwartz, Miss V. Thompson, all of Columbus, and Miss Kate Toskey, who came up from Cincinnati to join the crowd.

Rev. Almo, who has been conducting services for the deaf in parts of Ohio this summer, was in Newark, August 20th, and from there went to Zanesville. Having some time to himself, he called upon a few of the deaf, among whom were Mrs. Pumphrey and Mr. R. Kreuter. The deaf enjoy Rev. Almo's services very much.

Friends in Columbus received cards announcing the marriage in Cincinnati in July of Miss Clover Hoy and Mr. M. Kraggs. Miss Hoy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoy and taught in the New Jersey School. Mr. Kraggs is connected with the Virginia School, I believe.

Mrs. Mabel Stottler Litchfield, of California, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bauer in Akron recently. She visited relatives in Wooster and then went on to Pontiac to see her brother, Harley Stottler, before returning to her home in Escalon, California. She finds motoring a pleasant way of traveling across the country for even a deaf lady unaccompanied.

The Akron Society of the Deaf turned over to the Home \$50.00 after their picnic at Brady Lake in July. Several other picnics or outings in different parts of the state added small sums to the Ohio Home. Each mite helps.

Today, August 28th, we received a letter from Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, telling of the death in a Pittsburgh hospital on August 8th, of Mrs. Elizabeth Gillooly, of Aliquippa, a much beloved lady. She attended the oral school at Scranton, Pa., and later attended the Ohio School, where she was known as Iva Tompkins and well liked by all. She is survived by her husband, Peter Gillooly, a daughter, Betty, a son, Paul, and her mother, Mrs. Tompkins of Lakewood, Ohio. Several other relatives live in Cleveland and Columbus. She had been ill for some time and complications set in, causing her death. Services were a high mass in St. Titus Church, and burial was at Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Mr. Gillooly wishes to thank their many friends for their kindness during his wife's illness and death, and thanks all who sent flowers and expressions of sympathy.

Mr. Gillooly has been employed in a mill at Aliquippa for 25 years, and they had a large circle of friends in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

According to an informant, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bender, of Cincinnati, had an accident when she was learning to drive with Mr. Bender as her teacher. In trying to stop at a cross road, Mrs. Bender put her foot on the wrong thing and the car ran into a yard and struck the corner of a house. She received deep cuts on both legs and was well bruised, while he suffered injuries to his right hand.

In order to make the endowment fund for the Ohio Home grow faster, Miss MacGregor, president of the Board of Managers, has appointed a

committee composed of Mr. Nelson Snyder, of Dayton, and Messrs. Jacobson and Huffman, of Columbus, to send out a general appeal to all graduates and former pupils of the Ohio School. A "Must" to the Ohio deaf is for each to do his or her bit towards the Home—so dear to us all.

Mr. John Fryfogle, an employee at the school, spent his vacation looking over the South. This gave him a chance to see how Mr. Jacob Showalter was getting along at his son's home in Auburn, Ala. He planned to go as far as New Orleans before returning to Ohio.

Rev. A. H. Staubitz, the energetic pastor of the Cameron M. E. Church for the Deaf, in Cincinnati, went to New York for a two weeks' vacation—and he surely earned such a rest.

We hope when the state schools for the deaf open, to hear that more deaf men and women have entered the profession: each school should have a good quota of deaf teachers and the more the better for the deaf children.

Mrs. Patrick Connolly, of Columbus, who with her husband, had an automobile accident early in July, is reported as slowly improving, and will be confined to her bed for awhile till the physician removes the plaster cast. She was much more seriously hurt than Mr. Connolly.

Mr. and Mrs. Seidowski, the former a janitor at the school, have been up in Wisconsin for a month's rest, which Mrs. Seidowski was much in need of. Fishing has been their chief recreation. It is understood Mr. Hartard, of the school's cooking force, was with them, and between the cook and Mrs. Seidowski, the fish have been cooked to perfection.

This news is sent from the Ohio Home:

Mrs. Alice Pratt, who for the last twenty years has been a resident of the Ohio Home, celebrated her ninetyeth birthday on August 13th. At the same time five other residents celebrated their birthdays which occurred during the month of August. The following named persons were the honored guests: Mrs. Alice Pratt, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Bard, Clara Wood, John Boyd and Harry Porter. Mrs. Wark was hostess, assisted by Mrs. Ella Zell. Other invited guests were Olivia Bruning, Mrs. May Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Clapham. Mrs. Thomas was ill at that time and could not attend. Earnest Zell and Mr. Wark were visitors at the Home on the same day. The honored guests were well remembered by their friends. The table was nicely decorated and a chicken dinner was served. All enjoyed the day very much.

The weather has been very rainy for our harvest work, however we saved the most of our hay and grain without much damage. We threshed 252 bushels of wheat soon after cutting it. We feel that we were quite fortunate in getting the wheat in the dry before the rains set in. We have eight acres of wheat and ten acres of oats to be threshed. Much damage was done to the gardens and fruit because of excessive rainfall. One great good has been realized from the rains and that is, the wells have all been revived and from all appearances are back to normal.

Mrs. Eliza B. Bard is in failing health. She has been confined to her room for several days.

Our canning season is again in full swing. I am unable to give a count of all the fruits and vegetables canned so far this season. Two of the fruits that we have canned in the largest amount is cherries 282 quarts and 173 quarts of blackberries.

E.

St. John's Chapel, Detroit, Mich.

Morning service at St. John's Chapel, on Vernon Highway and Woodward, by Rev. Horace B. Waters, at 11 o'clock.

Communion service every first Sunday in the morning.

Bible Class at St. John's Parish House, 33 East Montcalm Street, Room 2, at 3:45 P.M. All welcome.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to Howard S. Ferguson, 250 W. Sparks St., Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

KANSAS CITY TRIP—No. II

Saturday, July 13

Bump - bump - bumpety - bump-bump. Five A.M. by our wrist watch. We turn over in our berth. A flock of bumps later we get the time again. Six bells it is. We wonder when we will fall asleep. Just as we are about to enter slumber-land the porter (kindly soul) informs us we are soon to steam into Chicago, machine guns and all. We proceed (or try to) to get dressed in our 3-by-6 bunk. We enter the wash room and greeted by Brothers Wilkinson and Zahn. On being asked how we slept, we stated "like a top."

At precisely eight we roll into Union Station, and then we pile off with caution, expecting to be greeted by sawed-off cannonades and the like. Instead we find a reception committee of a hundred porters awaiting us. The first thing we noticed in the station is the clock with the hands pointing to seven. Philadelphia (so other cities say) is noted for being behind the times. Well Chicago is one hour behind us. Mark one down for Philly!

We regulate our turnips to 7 A.M. and then proceed to explore the vast Union Station. With this done we step out into the hub-bub of Chicago. Now to explore for a place to eat. We come to one, the B. and G. or is it the G. and B. Anyway it had two initials. It reminded us of our own H. and H. at home.

We buy the *Tribune* and proceed to find out how the A's and Phils made out. After searching for an eternity we find a couple of lines stating they lost.

With our first Chicago meal tucked away we now proceed to find the Home Office of the N. F. S. D. on Wells Street. At the same time we soak in the sights of Chicago's famed Loop. We presently arrive at the 200 block North Wells Street. On the corner we bump into Joe Miller, Chicago One, delegate, with the ever-present cigar in his mouth. Along comes Flick, the Trustee, and all of us proceed to block the corner with our conversation. Brother Neesam then saunters by waving a friendly greeting. (He reminds us of Joe Louis, the Detroit heavyweight; both hardly ever crack a smile.)

We meet our first fellow-townsmen, Lloyd Armor, with his little son in his arms as usual. He checked in the night before, driving his Oldsmobile from Philly.

We now proceed to the N. F. S. D. floor. We saunter shakily up and meet the big-wig, A. L. Roberts, who gives us the official welcome and instructs Neesam to show us over the Home Office. First we enter our names in the Visitors' Book and then give the various rooms the double-o. The place is packed with delegates and visitors. We meet friends, old and new, right and left. Brother Roberts introduces us to Peter Livshis, Chicago columnist of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. A pleasant hour in chatting is spent with Petey, who is more interesting than his lively column.

We meet up with Roger Crocker, P. I. D., 1920-1924. Roger was the deaf guide at the Chicago World Fair in '33 and '34. How he has changed! Once the fair-haired boy at school; now a man of the world from the tone of his conversation.

Another P. I. D. alumnus is met. George Lewis, Binghamton, N. Y., delegate. For a man who had lost his home and household possessions during a cloudburst, you wouldn't think it was George. Lively, as ever.

At precisely 12, we leave the offices for the scene of Chicago, One, picnic, Notama Park, after turning down the invitation to go to Wrigley Field to see the Cubs play ball. As we leave

we run smack into Paddy McArdle. I suppose when I go to Heaven (if I go) he'll be there waiting for me (if he goes).

There is a crowd of us with Mr. Crocker herding us to Notama. After nearly an hour's ride up Milwaukee Avenue, we enter the park. We all make a rush for the refreshment stand and cool off with the foaming suds.

The crowd, small at first, keeps drifting in, till by and by, the park seems packed. All afternoon is spent in: "Mr. Whoois, meet Mr. Whatcha-calleem."

Round toward four or five a lady edges in our crowd and starts giving us goo-goo eyes. We, bashful as ever, back away. She grabs us and spells out our name. Ah! It comes back! Boston, 1931! Hotel Statler! Yep, it's our old friend, Virginia Dries, Chicago. We have a pleasant chat together. She states she misses Hughy Cussack and Petey Graves, Pittsburgh. We try to make up for them but we guess we are a flop 'cause somebody else grabs her away from us. The naughty mans was Mr. Dondiego, of Trenton.

The pangs of hunger creep on us so we hie to a restaurant and fill up on a stockyard sirloin steak. Thus refreshed we hie back for the dancing in the evening. But our dogs are barking so we sit the dances out. We meet or rather we are introduced to his royal ink-slinger, Jimmy Meagher. For a fitting description of him buy an *Evening Ledger* and turn to the comic section and the first one you come to is him. Good old Popeye. "I yam what I yam and that's all I yam."

After the Chicago mosquitoes had had a good meal on us we hasten back to the city proper and bunk up for the night at the Y. M. C. A. Hotel on Wabash Avenue. We have Zahn and Craig, of Wilkinsburg, as roomies on the 15th floor. We, along with Zahn, take a shower and shave, leaving Craig in the room to wait for us. When we get back we find we are locked out with the key inside and Craig already in the arm of Morpheus. Here we were stranded outside in the hall with nothing on save the hairs on our chest. The only thing to do is ring for the elevator man, who after giving us a lot of dirty looks, finally opens our room with a master key. Thus relieved of our embarrassment we hop into bed. Bump - bump - bumpety-bump-bump. What the heck? Ah, it is the echo from the train ride come to haunt us. Presently it died away. Then z-z-z-z. We sleep at last. More anon.

Postcards from the Kirbys of Chestnut Hill, in company with the H. B. Youngs of Scranton, Pa., indicate that they have visited most everything of visual interest out West since they left the N. F. S. D. convention, Kansas City, last July. They state they have been to the Black Hills, Yellowstone Park, Boulder Dam, Grand Canyon, San Diego Fair, Los Angeles, Catalina Island, with still more places to come. They are all expected to be home around the beginning of September, after having been gone for nigh on two months.

Visitors to Philadelphia during the last week in August were Mr. and Mrs. John Haggerty, along with Mr. Franz Ascher, all of Springfield, Mass. The Haggertys visited relatives in Frankford, while Mr. Ascher was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Ferguson, of Olney. Mr. Ferguson, being off for the week, was thus able to show Mr. Ascher the sights of the city and also the Mt. Airy School, along with Mr. Haggerty.

Jim Jennings, Philly's famed impersonator, was seen hobbling around in a grotesque way recently. Upon being asked who he was impersonating, the response was Boyle. Since we have no such person by that name, we later found out that Jim meant he had a flock of boils for company.

F.

SEATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradshaw, of Olga Orcas Island, motored 18 miles to East Sound, Sunday, August 18th, to meet the family of the writer. We were taken up to the summit of Mt. Constitution, 2400 feet in elevation. At every turn of the road there were views of mountain, sea and lakes. At the summit we were fascinated with the scenery of the sound dotted with the islands. There were views of Mt. Baker, Mt. Rainier, Cascade Mountains, Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia, Bellingham, Anacortes, Friday Harbor and other smaller towns. A large observation tower is in construction there. Orcas Island is the largest and the most beautiful of the San Juan Islands, being contour-shaped and has well-sheltered bays and coves, affording fine locations for recreation. Mr. Bradshaw says there is plenty of trout in the lakes and silver salmon in the sound. We were tickled to see a graceful fawn grazing near us. The deer are quite tame and could be petted when they eat fresh vegetables from Mr. Bradshaw's hand. Only 2½ hours were allowed on the island for the 500 passengers from the excursion boat, so time would not permit us to go to the Bradshaw's home at Dr. Seabury's manor. Mr. Bradshaw has four men under him working and improving the grounds.

This five-hour boat trip up the sound through Deception Pass is enchantingly beautiful. Visit the San Juan Islands, the land of vacation, especially Orcas Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw reside.

The picnic at Woodland Park, Sunday, August 18th, was successful, with the weather cooperating perfectly. Mrs. Victoria Smith, the chairman for the Gallaudet Guild, remarked that the attendance was satisfactory.

Mrs. Hanson went by stage, August 19th, to Oakland, Cal., where she was to be the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their little daughter for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown were last week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves at their country home near Kent. The next afternoon Mrs. Ziegler and her son, Herbert, drove in with Mrs. Hagerty and Miss Mullin as passengers, also Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Renton, and Mrs. Gustin, who visited with the Adams family the previous few days. The whole crowd explored the farm and remained for luncheon and till late. They also played bridge and "500."

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, their two children, Robert and Jane, and about a half-dozen other relatives returned home, August 17th, from near Sunrise, Mt. Rainier. They spent a perfect week at a large, comfortable cabin, loaned to the Partridges by the employer of Mr. Partridge. While there they enjoyed viewing the grand mountain and did some hiking. One day the whole party went to Tipson Lake, 20 miles away, for an all-day picnic.

Yesterday the Lutherans celebrated the annual anniversary of the building of their church, by a big luncheon after Rev. Westerman's sermon. Miss Anna Kingdon, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Eaton rendered impressive hymns. The pulpit and also the dining tables were decorated with pretty flowers. On the committee in charge were Mrs. Gustin, chairman; Mrs. Koberstein, Mrs. Martin and Miss Meekhoff and numerous volunteers. Out-of-town visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lorenz, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rowland, Mrs. Huteson, of Tacoma. The members and friends, numbering about 40, had their pictures taken in a group by Rev. Westerman.

Miss Sophia Mullin came back from San Francisco after nearly two weeks' visit with her brother. They were so busy showing her everywhere that she had no time to see any of the deaf people there, but she had

one of the loveliest times in her life.

The engagement of Miss Colleen Coughlin and John Hood, one of our young bachelors, has been announced. Colleen is wearing a diamond ring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jack, of Chehalis, came up to Seattle, August 23d, and the next day, with Mr. and Mrs. Wright, they reached Rockport after four hours' driving. From there they took the City Light train up the Skagit River 25 miles to the Gorge Plant, which is our city plant project. At the Gorge the quarters for the tourists are new and scrupulously clean, and the food served is abundant and various. After dinner most of the guests walked over the suspension bridge and trails along the rapids for a mile. At dark we climbed about 150 feet up the mountain to visit Ladder Creek Falls. The water comes in a series of cascades, tumbling for 4000 feet from a glacier peak. The various colors in the spray of the falls was extremely exquisite. Sunday morning there was a ride in the light electric cars up the narrow canyon along the cliff above the Skagit River for seven miles of wonderful scenery. At Reflector Bar an inclined railway carried the guests 313 feet above the flat, where a panorama of the canyon is seen and where the Diablo dam is. An hour's boat ride took us to the Ruby dam site. This lake is said to equal the scenery of the Alps. It is enclosed by towering snow-capped mountains. This Skagit light project of the city of Seattle now has 215,000 installed power, and if the Ruby dam plan is carried out, 1,200,000 horsepower can be developed.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack called on Mrs. Gustin when she was entertaining her weekly party, and everybody was glad to see the Jacks. On their way to the Skagit Dam, they stopped at Mr. and Mrs. Partridge's home for a few minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack's home was visited by Mr. and Mrs. James Lowell and daughter, of Tacoma, as they motored to Berkeley, Cal. Mrs. Lowell won \$2.50 for breaking the most eggs in a given time for the 5000-egg omelet at the Merchant and Farmers picnic in Chehalis recently. Mrs. Lowell's picture was taken in a newsreel movie.

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter, of Vancouver, Wash., arrived home last week with their new Dodge sedan, after visiting 15 state institutions for the deaf on the way. Mr. Hunter went up to Hunter's Den at Lake Sutherland for a few days. He gave Mr. and Mrs. Jack a glowing description of the trip back east.

PUGET SOUND.

August 26, 1035.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf (Episcopal)

1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois (One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).
REV. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.
MR. FREDRICK W. HINRICH, Lay-Reader
Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance)
Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue

Central Oral Club, Chicago

Organized 1908—Incorporated 1925

The Oldest Club for the Oral Deaf in Chicago. Socials and Cards Second Sunday of each month from September to and including June. Entree: 7:30 P.M. Atlantic Hotel, 316 South Clark Street. Hall K, Mezzanine Floor. Convenient location and transportation.

Send all communications to Mrs. Sadie McElroy, 227 Englewood Ave. (Apt. 210), Chicago, Ill.

Our Savior Lutheran Church (For the Deaf)

1400 N. Ridgeway Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Services—10:00 A.M., May to September; 2:30 P.M., October to April.
A. C. DAHMS, Pastor

CHICAGOLAND

This time Hollywood is making a turn to reproduce the deaf pictorially, going so far as to hire a deaf man to teach one of its actors the sign language. The following clipping from the Chicago *American*, headed "Actor Learns Sign Language," will tell the rest:

"Harold Minjir thought he had done everything possible in motion pictures, but he got a new assignment recently. It was to learn the sign alphabet in a mere twelve hours.

"Minjir plays the secretary to a deaf business man in 'Two for Tonight.' To insure authenticity, the studio employed George W. Berry, for seven years head of the California State School for the Deaf, to teach the sign language to Minjir. He learned enough in twelve hours so that Berry, acting as expert on the set, placed an official O. K. on all of his 'takes.'"

July and August ought to have been two months of rest for clubs and its officers in general. Not so with Henry S. Rutherford, president of Illinois Association of the Deaf. In August, he secured four more new members for this group and received for the Illinois Home the amount of \$20.10. It was the net proceeds from a party held recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Schneiderwind, Dundee, Ill., where only thirty-four people attended.

The additional amount of \$14.45 was received for the Home from the Lawn Party and Bunco at Aurora, Ill., August 24th. The chairman was Sadie Allen. The Sharpnacks, of Chicago, took a part in it.

President Rutherford of the I.A.D. had an opportunity to drop in at the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf not long ago. Reciprocal greetings and wishes from their representative groups have been exchanged between him and President Marty of the Iowa Association of the Deaf.

Officially the date for the next meeting of Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf is set for October 9th, Wednesday night, at All Angels' Mission for the Deaf.

Miss Ethel Hinrichs gave a surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. Ben Greenheck at her home, August 24th. The occasion was to celebrate their first anniversary of marriage. Present were Mrs. Joe Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Maiworm, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Miss Laura Mau, Miss Eugenia Krause, Mr. Johnson, of Western Springs, Ill.; Ben Greenheck's mother from Wisconsin, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hinrichs, and Frederick's mother.

Dame Rumor is whispering that Earl Nelson, past president of Chicago Division, No. 106, is toying with the idea of buying himself a car.

Two trucks bore 75 people to Duneland Beach, Indiana, Sunday, August 25th, under charge of Peter Daddano. Home movies were taken of them in baseball, swimming and races.

P. LIVSHIS.

3811 W. Harrison St.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf

4750 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Organized December, 1924

Incorporated May, 1925

The First and the Only Society of the Hebrew Deaf in Chicago

Socials and cards, first Sunday of each month from October to and including June. Literary and other special programs announced in the Chicago column from time to time. For further information, write to Mrs. Louis Wallace, 2935 N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW EPHPHETA

A Catholic Monthly for the Deaf—Ten times a Year for 50 Cents

Successor to EPHPHETA, founded by

Rev. M. A. McCarthy, S.J.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf

Inc., Publisher. Jere V. Fives, Editor,

605 West 170th St., New York City.

Park and Grove

There was a large crowd on the beach last Sunday congregating at the 8th Avenue Pavillion and we noticed among them Benjamin Friedwald, the well-known Brooklyn politician and his wife, who came down in the car driven by his intimate, Herbert Lieberz, with his wife.

Besides them were Mr. and Mrs. Israel Solomon, Mrs. William Siegel, Miss Zelda Bernstein, Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Miss Fernandez, Peter Weiner, Miss Kate Ross, Mr. Goldblatt, Mrs. Riesenkovf and her sister, Miss Gordeau and Louis Hatowsky.

Without exception, they declared the beach to be an ideal spot for healthful vacations and, no doubt, they would lengthen their time of leisure next year, if business conditions will hold or improve.

Mr. Aaron, Mr. Schornstein, Mr. and Mrs. Carmine Pace, George H. Hummel, Randall McClelland repeated their trip and utilized the benefits of sea and air.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partington, of Philadelphia, came down and engaged rooms at Charles Hotel for one week after Labor Day. They were here last year and liked this resort so well that they would not allow the season to pass, however late, without coming again this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory F. Wolgamot, of Jackson Heights, Long Island, are here for a few days, having come down from Springfield, Mass., where they attended an outing under the auspices of the Frats over there.

Mr. A. Lincoln Thomas, retired on a pension from Roger, Peet & Co., whom he served nearly half a century, was here twice and was accompanied by his wife.

Mrs. Frank Nimmo, of Newark, was seen on the beach and may come again for a stay of a week in Ocean Grove.

Peter Weiner, of New York, turned up here one night and was a guest of Otto Mangrum, of Ocean Grove. Together, they go to Califon, N. J., as guests of Mr. Albert Neger in his log cabin for a week-end over Labor Day.

Miss Minnie Regenbogen, of New York, a charming blonde and her chum, Miss Ray Cohen, a striking brunette and a base ball fan, are stopping here for several days. They expressed their delight with the many attractive points around here.

Among the Jerseyites here were Mr. and Mrs. Charles McBride, of Bayonne, Mr. and Mrs. James Davidson and their two boys, of Jersey City, and Mr. and Mr. John Doyle, of Newark.

Under the management of Mr. Louis Davis, a party was formed as a sort of a farewell affair, as the season is waning, at the "Ship Cafe" for dancing and ended in another place on the shore for eats. It was a merry night and did not disband till wee sma' hours. Among the merry participants were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Davis and their daughter and a hearing friend, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin C. Trescott, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Kenner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, McBride, Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. James Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wolgamot, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frankenheim, Misses Sarah Piperno, Ray Cohen, Minnie Regenbogen, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirby, Al Wirshberg, Peter Weiner, Otto Mangrum, Mrs. Florence M. Ward, William Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stein.

Miss Clara Breese, of Eatontown, N. J., accompanied her niece to Boston, where her brother, Wesley, lives, and will stay there for about a week. Both were pupils of the Trenton School.

G. G.

Basketball Game and Dance

Saturday, February 29, 1936

Gallaudet College vs. Long Island U.

Nostrand and Lafayette Aves.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Admission, 55 Cents

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1935

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RENNER, *Business Manager*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence: the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

Station M, New York City

VICTOR O. SKYBERG, M.A.

Superintendent

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves
And not for all the race."

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Specimens copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

As AN essential aid, one that appeals strongly to the adult deaf—a continuation of the moral precepts and practices inculcated at school—is the religious instruction and devotional services afforded by the various denominations.

From the inception of the Church Mission to the Deaf, instituted in 1850, by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet as the outcome of a Bible class, religious missionary work has spread to the several religious denominations. Dr. Gallaudet was impressed by the isolated and neglected condition of the deaf upon the conclusion of their courses at school, and this led him to retire as a professor at the New York School for the Deaf to undertake the amelioration of their condition by ministering to their spiritual and moral needs. This Mission still functions, with over a dozen deaf clergymen who cover some fifteen mission fields, most of them embracing more than one State and in some cases seven or eight. In this work the Episcopal Church may be said to lead, if we consider the number of clergymen who devote their entire time to this field and the generous aid provided by that denomination, which has special churches solely for deaf communicants in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland and other localities.

However, other denominations have not been lacking in this beneficial missionary service. The Roman Catholics have many clergymen, some the sons of deaf parents, trained for special work among the deaf in connection with parish churches. The zealous efforts of the Methodists have established several missions in Mid-Western cities and in the South, where the Baptists and Presbyterians are also represented by missionary clergy. The Lutherans carry on religious work for the deaf in various sections of the country, while Jewish Communal Centers are

maintained in Manhattan, and Brooklyn, and in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Most of the groups in the larger cities have Guild and club rooms for assembly after services, with auditoriums for literary societies, lectures, theatrical performances and other entertainments.

Experience and close observation have proved beyond a doubt that here the language of signs is a most satisfactory medium for ministry to the deaf; indeed, it is the only medium that accomplishes the purpose of reaching a congregation of deaf people. Some friends may claim that speech-reading would be preferable, and that special church services for the deaf are not desirable. All of their sincere friends, heads of schools and teachers who are presumed to desire to advance their well-being, should recognize that in the religious and moral improvement of the adult deaf, as conducted in this visible language, we have the key that not only opens to their minds the truths of religion but their reception in a clear and definite form.

The clergy thus occupied not only attend to religious duties, but are always ready to offer advice, assistance, and to attend to welfare and all the functions rendered by the hearing pastor to the people of his congregation. This includes visits to hospitals, sometimes to courts; there giving comfort and consolation and a degree of happiness to deaf unfortunates. Some of the churches, as a part of their service, have literary and recreation centers, with clubrooms, sewing rooms, libraries, where the deaf fraternize, have entertainments, lectures and literary meetings, thus removing the necessity for congregating in undesirable places. Here the clergy and assistants meet them, become one with them, affording opportunities for consultation, advice and encouragement.

Through the aid of the language of signs, which the ministry of all denominations recognize as the most valuable and exact medium for communication with the deaf in assemblies, they receive all the benefits of church administration that is open to the hearing. All sincere friends of the deaf, heads of schools and teachers who wish to advance their well-being, should recognize that, for the purpose of reaching the minds and souls of a large gathering of the deaf assembled for religious, literary, in fact, any beneficial service, the employment of the language of signs is an absolute necessity.

UPON the admission of new pupils to schools for the deaf most schools require from the parents or guardians a record detailing such matters as relate to the pupil and his ancestry—his family, the cause of deafness, its extent, and the like. Such information enables school authorities to use proper judgment in the future education of the child, while the class records of each year indicate his mental progress or otherwise.

In addition to this, some schools follow the wise policy of adding to the school record a follow-up method of the life experience of the former pupil's career beyond his school life, the trade he is pursuing, his successes or failures, all material covering such matters. This custom of keeping in touch as far as possible with former

pupils is an excellent practice, has great advantages, and is helpful to school superintendents when enquiries come concerning the whereabouts and the lives of persons who have been pupils of the schools. In keeping tab of how their graduates are progressing, their employment and personal experiences, there is the advantage of enabling schools to furnish information which is frequently sought for various purposes. Schools are often appealed to to supply information of this character respecting pupils who have graduated.

It would be a sensible practice to have reliable "follow-up" information on record for instant use, instead of being dependent on hazy recollections of teachers or others connected with schools. This was done in other days on the frequent occasions of reunions at the schools when all were invited to fill out in a registry certain headings relating to year of graduation, employment, present living conditions, any special successes or experiences. Such information is always useful to the heads of school and in meeting not infrequent requests for information.

WE are in receipt of the report of the School for the Deaf, under the Presbyterian Mission, Chefoo, China, 1933-35. In September 1934 it had fifty-eight pupils, forty-four boys and fourteen girls. Steady progress has been made in realizing the goal which the school has been trying to reach in affording deaf Chinese children a useful education. Miss Anita E. Carter is Superintendent and Principal and has eight teachers under her direction.

The Virginia B. Gallaudet Memorial Reredos

It is five years since plans were first made for an abiding memorial to the late Virginia B. Gallaudet, daughter of the Founder of St. Ann's Church. These plans have now reached completion, and the goal is in sight. The Committee in charge of the Memorial Reredos Fund has approved a design for a reredos to be made and installed above the altar in St. Ann's Church. It is expected that the work will be done and the new reredos ready for dedication on our Annual Memorial Sunday, November 3rd, 1935.

The reredos will be a beautiful creation of carved wood, with a painting of Christ Healing the Deaf Man. It will be larger than our present reredos, and will cost \$1,400.00. It will be made by the firm of Calvert, Herrick and Riedinger, of New York City, who are known for their artistic skill in the manufacture of church memorials. When completed, the reredos will be a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Miss Gallaudet, who was for so many years the successor of her father in the difficult capacity of official interpreter of the deaf and contact man between the deaf and the hearing in social welfare work.

By means of individual donations, large and small, the sum of \$1,200 has been obtained for the Memorial Reredos Fund, leaving a balance of \$200.00 to be secured. Part of this balance is taken care of by pledges, and there is no doubt that the rest will be forthcoming, to the last cent. A call for final contributions will be made on Sunday, October 6th, the Sunday nearest to the birthday anniversary of Virginia B. Gallaudet. Many of us will be glad to bring to church on that date a long-delayed gift, or an additional gift to complete the Fund and make the dedication of the memorial possible this year. Miss Myra L. Barrager is Treasurer of the Memorial Reredos Fund, and will be

glad to receive contributions and pledges in any amount.

The word "reredos" is perhaps unfamiliar to some of our readers. The dictionary gives the meaning of the word as follows: "A screen or decorated part of the wall behind an altar." This part of the wall of the church is usually made the most beautiful spot in the church. It is the place most often before the eye of the worshipper as one faces the altar. In such a location, the memorial to Miss Gallaudet will be constantly in the mind of the congregation which she served so loyally. The altar, itself, reminds us so much of her saintly father, who spent his lifetime at the altar ministering to the deaf.—*St. Ann's Bulletin, Sept. 1935.*

Salt Rain

One of the curious phenomena of Utah and Wyoming is an occasional rainfall of salt water. Recently there was reported, throughout a belt of country extending from Ogden, Utah, to Evanston, Wyoming, a shower of rain so strongly impregnated with salt that the clothes of persons upon whom it fell were, when dried, thinly crusted with a white powder, which was nothing but common salt. Umbrellas were quite white with it, and panes of glass in the windows were rendered for the time opaque.

According to a local account, the whole town of Evanston looked as if it had been whitewashed. When the sky cleared, the roofs glistened in the sun as if with frozen snow. A local man of science estimated that in the city of Evanston an amount of salt equivalent to twenty-eight tons had fallen.

The shower lasted about two hours, and during all this time the rain which fell was saline.

This phenomenon is far from being a new one. The wind was from the west, and all the rains which are impregnated with salt, in that region, come from that quarter. The cause of them is not hard to find. It is simply the Great Salt Lake of Utah—that vast body of intensely salt water, out of which, under favorable conditions, a considerable quantity of salt may be taken up into the atmosphere, to be precipitated later upon the surrounding country.

Evanston is about fifty-five miles from the nearest water of Great Salt Lake, and it is regarded as somewhat remarkable that so great a quantity of salt should have been borne so far.

There is, however, other opportunity than that presented by Great Salt Lake itself for the impregnation of the air with salt in the Central Basin. There are countless depressions all through the vast region between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, which are nothing less than Great Salt Lakes now dried up. Great Salt Lake itself is becoming more and more salt from year to year and the same process has taken place in other depressions until the water has literally turned to salt.

Compared with Mono Lake, or Owen's Lake, the waters of Great Salt Lake seem limpid. Owen's Lake, in a sense, supplies showers of soda water instead of salt water; for its waters, in addition to being salt, are the most strongly impregnated with soda of any lacustrine basin in the United States. It is estimated that the quantity of soda deposited in the basin of Owen's Lake is no less than two hundred and twenty millions of tons!

The United States is not the only country in which salt showers occur. In Paris itself, when rains straight from the Atlantic have been borne so far inward, perceptible quantities of sodium chloride have been found in the rain water. In England and Ireland coatings of fine salt have been found on the trees many miles inland after a heavy rain from the sea; and showers no less saline than that of Evanston have fallen in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea.

BALTIMORE

"Unheeded flew the hours!". Thus the most pleasant of summers with its unusually ideal week-ends for outings at beaches and other summer resorts has come to its end, and we are now all back home to make preparations for the cold weather soon to come. The horrible consciousness has just dawned upon us both that we have sadly neglected contributing to our Baltimore column in this paper for nearly two months!

We left off where our representatives of the local Frat division were starting to Kansas City. So far, things didn't turn out as we all fondly hoped, but we are "good sports," and Toronto will find in us the biggest support in way of a large representation at their convention in the year of 1939.

The Herdtfelders, along with Ray Kaufman and George Brown, arrived home on the 22d, immediately after the close of the convention. Mr. Frank Rebal and Mr. M. Friedman, who accompanied Mr. G. Ferguson of Washington, D. C., in his car, were also among the early arrivals here. On their way back home they had the misfortune to witness a dreadful automobile accident, when another car tried to pass their car on a hill and in trying to avoid colliding with the other car coming down, overturned in a ditch. The chivalrous Ferguson got out of his car to put his coat over one of the badly injured women of the damaged car. Mr. Frank Rebal arrived home to find that the feline stork had been active during his absence, the family cat giving birth to three wee kittens, which will later be distributed to children of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Rozelle McCall sprang a surprise on the Baltimore delegate at the convention by appearing unexpectedly around the middle of the convention week, with Mrs. Frank Rebal and Hattie Hutton tagging along. Of course, little Maureen McCall was along. They made up their minds to go to Kansas City almost at the last minute. On their return trip, they made a slower time, visiting schools for the deaf enroute. Ruth Atkins, who had planned returning by train after a few weeks with her mother in Kansas, accompanied the McCalls back to Baltimore. She plans to stay with them until the Kendall Green school reopens.

Dr. Olive Whildin, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. O. Whildin, and Miss Agatha Sutton, friend of Miss Whildin, were hostesses to the members of the F. F. F. S. at their lovely summer cottage on the Magothy River, July 21st.

Miss Evelyn Krumm, of Washington, D. C., who was week-ending with the Wallaces, had the pleasant opportunity to join the F. F. F. S. at the Whildin shore the 21st.

Lillian Sacks spent the month of August visiting in and around Ohio, and also Detroit, where she formerly lived.

About 250 deaf people were present at the annual picnic held by the Maryland Association of the Deaf at Druid Hill Park Grove No. 10, August 3d. The committee in charge, headed by Chairman M. Cramer, prepared an excellent program for the day. Numerous prizes were distributed among winners of the games played on the grove, and free ice-cream was given to all. Mr. Ignatius Bjorlee gave us a pleasant surprise with his appearance at the picnic. Mr. James Foxwell was elected chairman for the next year; Mr. Ray Kaufman resumed his office as treasurer; Mr. George Leitner is the new secretary. Under management of such capable men, we expect a still better program next year, and a larger attendance from all parts of Maryland, too!

The following day, August 4th, the deaf Marylanders took a boat excursion down Chesapeake Bay to Tolchester Beach, where a game of

baseball was staged between the single and the married. We failed to learn the result of the match. The rest of the day was spent mostly on the sands. Among the very attractive figures on the beach were the newly-wed Mrs. Robert Quinn, formerly Miss Anna Hager, of Philadelphia, and the three young Hall girls of Eastern Shore, who kept us all guessing as to their identifications, being so strikingly alike they could pass as triplets! Edna Hall, one of the charming Hall sisters, has a position at Marinello Beauty Parlor in Baltimore.

Mrs. Robert Quinn made numerous new acquaintances during her brief visit here. Two showers were tendered to her before her marriage, which took place June 22d. It is not yet decided where the Quinns will make their permanent home—Friederick, where Mr. Quinn lives, or Philadelphia, where Mrs. Quinn holds an excellent position with a radio company for fifteen years.

Miss Sophia Schmuff (or Mrs. Frank Roop) underwent an operation for appendicitis August 1st, and at present is reported to be still at the hospital slowly recovering from what turned out to be a severe case of appendicitis along with complications. Her husband, of Virginia, was hastily summoned, and he remained near her bedside for a week, before returning to his work in Virginia. They were secretly married June 23d of last year. They expect to reside in Virginia as soon as conditions improve.

Miss Helen Skinner took advantage of a week's "lay-off" from her work to visit her old schoolmate, Mrs. Howard Metty, at Cumberland, and also Miss Louise McClain at Hagerstown during the week of July 28th.

Mrs. Howard Metty and her son spent the week-end of August 3d with Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace. They came in Mr. Leo Rosenberg's Plymouth car. Misses J. Dillion and E. Wenner, both also of Cumberland, accompanied them. Miss Dillion stayed with Mr. and Mrs. L. Deluca, who have a charming apartment on Cliftview Avenue; Miss Wenner with her aunt in the city.

Mr. L. J. Deluca had a sinus operation some time in July. He suffered an injury on his nose during a basketball game some six years ago, and has since had difficulty in breathing. Now his nose is in perfect order.

Miss Elizabeth Moss, too, had a similar operation recently, and at present is in her top form.

Mrs. Stephen Sandbeck is back home almost completely recovered from her recent tumor operation.

Mrs. J. Nicholson died a few days after the tumor operation performed on her last July. Her husband and several grown-up children survive her.

The joint outing of the Philadelphia and Baltimore deaf was held Sunday, August 18th, at the waterfront shore of the Catholic Deaf-Mute Association, Inc., of Baltimore. The attendance was said to be the largest in history, fifty coming down from Philadelphia. Handsome prizes of a fine table lamp, a bird cage and stand, and a lace table cloth were won by J. Sally, George McQuinn, and Bill Volmer, respectively, in a grand drawing. The committee in charge consisted of Messrs. Jerome Keil, chairman; Vincent Demarco, Leo Noppenberger, Geo. Koeing, Stanley Taranski and Pete Krostell.

The Catholic deaf members took a moonlight cruise down the beautiful Chesapeake Bay aboard the Wilson Lines' luxurious steamer "State of Delaware," Friday of August 9th. Movies were shown gratis on the top deck, and there was music and dancing down below. A good time was had by all during the three hours' sail on the bay.

The local Frats expect a larger crowd down for the moonlight cruise on the same boat August 31st.

Mr. Odie Underhill, of North Carolina, on his way back from New York City to Morganton, N. C., to resume his school duties there, stopped for

a day with Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace between-trains. He took a six-week course at Columbia University in New York.

Recently Mrs. John Wallace and children, and Miss Elizabeth Moss, with their hearing sister, Mrs. Marjorie Mohlenrich, and her three children and their aunt Ida, took a train to Atlantic City, where they enjoyed a week's sojourn on its famous beach, and its mammoth boardwalk. The ocean bathing was excellent, and they took in all sights they could—the famous Steel, the Heinz, and the Million-Dollar piers, and also the big elephant-house nearby, which interested the children greatly. Mr. John Wallace dropped in for a few days, bringing along Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Moss, parents of the Moss sisters, in their Chrysler.

Mr. and Mrs. Rozelle McCall have a way of popping up unexpectedly in places, it seems! They turned up at Atlantic City to Mrs. John Wallace's pleasant surprise. They arrived there Sunday morning with their little Maureen and their inseparable Ruth Atkins, and Mrs. George Leitner in the old faithful McCall car, which had stood the long trip to and back from Kansas City remarkably well. With Mrs. Wallace and Miss Moss, they managed to do a sightseeing tour along the boardwalk, and also an afternoon bath in the salty water before the latter departed for home the next day. The McCall party left on Tuesday.

During our visit in Atlantic City we had an opportunity of meeting the well-known friend of the deaf, "Eddie," who owns a tap-room on South Carolina Avenue—rendezvous of the deaf.

At its last meeting, the local Fraternity decided on a new plan of swelling their diminishing treasury fund, which is that each of the two members will hold a card party at his home each month, the proceeds to go to the above fund. Messrs. Stulz and Herdtfelder were the hosts August 14th. A good sum was realized out of these card parties. Mr. John Wallace and Mr. O. Watkins will entertain in September.

Our former Baltimorean, Abe Stern, now of Flint, Mich., took out a marriage license some time last June, and the happy couple went honeymooning out West. Our congratulations.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. Alley, of Washington, D. C., were shocked to learn of the serious accident in which Mr. Alley figured. He was struck by a street car, and thrown violently to the ground. He suffered a fractured skull and internal injuries. He was taking the family dog out for an airing and was crossing a street where the street car formerly ran one way, and had just changed about the other way, and out of force of habit, the unfortunate man looked the wrong way. The poor scared dog was discovered by Mr. Pucci, friend of the Alleys, on the other side of the street, trembling all over. According to latest reports, the X-ray examination revealed that no bones were broken, which we think is very remarkable and fortunate for one of his age. We all hope for his speedy recovery, and that we will see Mrs. Alley's smiling face at our F. F. F. S. meeting, which may be held September 21st. Mr. Alley was out of the hospital only a short time after an operation for kidney trouble, when the accident occurred.

J. AND H. H.

August 29, 1935.

Felt Hats

The making of felt hats in 1800 was a more difficult affair than it is at the present day. It was then a long and difficult process, nor were the hats as durable as those now made. The hat body, as it was then called, was formed in this manner: A block of wood in the form of a cone, wet, was placed on a large table, then the workman, holding in one hand a long bow

suspended from the ceiling, would snap the string of the bow among the wool on the table until the wet block was covered with wool fibres of a sufficient thickness to form a hat. The block, with its covering of wool, was then placed in boiling water, until the woolly fibres became felted sufficiently to remove it from the block.

A large copper kettle, set in brick with a furnace beneath for heating water, was placed in the center of the room, with a wooden frame around the kettle similar in shape to the hopper of a grain mill. The workmen, standing around with the palms of their hands covered with sole leather to protect them from the hot water, rolled and squeezed the hats until they were firmly felted. The hats were then shaped on block until they assumed the desired form; then they were lined, bound and trimmed, and were ready for sale.

It is told of a Mr. Simmons, of Connecticut, who manufactured hats in this fashion, that whenever he saw a stranger in the street wearing a hat whose shape was new to him, he would take it off, and after examining it carefully, would replace it on the owner's head without apology, and as if his action were nothing singular.

Exempt

Renan, in his "*Feuilles Detachees*," tells a story of a church service in Brittany where the priest delivered such a touching appeal that his hearers, with one exception, shed tears. But this one robust individual, who was leaning against a pillar, remained unmoved throughout the entire sermon.

The French are an emotional people, and the rest of the congregation could not imagine how this heart of stone had remained untouched.

"And you," said one of them to the man, "you are not weeping!"

"Why, no," said he, "I don't belong to this parish!"

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SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
168 West 86th Street
New York City

HARTFORD DIVISION, No. 37, N.F.S.D.

1635=Connecticut=1935

TERCENTENARY

✿ DANCE ✿

Hotel Bond Ball Room
338 Asylum Street, Hartford, Ct.

October 26, '35
8 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Admission, . . \$1.25 a Couple
.75 per Person

KANSAS CITY KITTY

By J. Frederick Meagher

No. 7

What are the saddest of songs that are sad?
What are the baddest of words that are bad?
What makes us maddest of everything mad?
Renner, Conk, Gervais and Reeves,
Me and Tom Elliott, all were the goats—
Burned out our brain bearings writing notes,
Figured and fumed as we tallied our votes!
(And the fraters all laughed up their sleeves!)

Day of Days! Wednesday morning, July 17th—Kansas City, Mo.—we skip skylarking off on our holiday with high hopes and happy hearts! 'Tis the highly-touted all-day picnic. Will it prove another Boston '31 battlefields bargain; another Niagara Falls honeymoon, at Buffalo '30; a snowballs-in-July at Denver '27; or a Carnival-drowning at Atlanta '23? Folks still talk of those historic holidays; now our turn has come! Our skins tingle with riotous expectations—like some poor, friendless kid in the garret waiting in the dark for Santa Claus.

("Friendless," did I say? I nearly was before nightfall! But listen.)

Local Committee has complete control of Fairyland Amusement Park—the local Coney Island—on outskirts of city; with distinct understanding that none but badge-wearers are to be admitted. Those stub-tickets Sanford and Jenkins have been stubbornly plugging the past three days—at \$2.50—give free bus-ride to and return; free boxlunch and bottle of milk or pop; halfprice to pool and rides; and one (1) unum chance to cop a Chevrolet buzzbuggy. Wouldn't that drive you "buggy?"

Morning is wasted hunting shady nooks and warming-up for the hectic afternoon. ("Warming-up"—in this warmth?) Also in taking the official convention panorama—half-hour sitting or standing bare-headed in a sun bright enough to X-ray a cigar-store Indian. Temperature reported 104—and until you sample this sun-baked heat of our Western prairies, you don't know what the Biblical bad-place is like. You never before appreciated our hardy pioneer forebears and their Covered Wagons—no, not until you hit this Kansas oven!

Rumors suddenly rife the day will be a flop—picnic-chairman Sanford heat-prostrated this morning, rushed to hospital in the bong-bang wagon. Next bus arriving unloosens a flood of wildly gesticulating semaphores and sophomores with fresh tidings of disaster: "Stanfill, another Local Committeeman, bit the dust from heat." Exaggerated or not, I see the scattered remnant of the LC hastily huddle for signals—Sexton quarterback and Foltz coach. Decide to carry-on—taking over sight-unseen, duties of their comrades. (Several slow-ups, or flaws, in program later, naturally—as they don't know just what was mapped out. For which the heat-maddened populace rages. But, all-in-all, those heroes do nobly.)

Noon at last; and endless line-up for distribution of box-lunches, eaten under a huge shed where it is cooler. Yes—almost as "cool" as Darkest Africa. Illinois band-boys bang and blare; helpful souls volunteer to give sign-song renditions to music; crowd has begun to brace-up and cease complaining. Wonderful what a difference a little grub beneath the belt makes in your outlook on life. You're beginning to enjoy this outing, after all. Some swell-looking girls here. It's good to be alive.

Just then the blow struck!!! To quote Bab's Ballades:

"Oh, that day of sorrow, misery and rage
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Indeliably lined
On the tablet of my mind
When a Yesterday has faded from its page!"

It started with Cheer-man Tony Sexton and Press-pest Frederick Murphy and summoning me solemnly aside, and in the smooth, secret style of one doing you a great favor, in-

forming me they like-me so much—yes, heaps and heaps—they are doing me the honor of appointing me the Czar Landis of this afternoon's "Beauty Contest." The LC is managing the actual entries; but I am given carte-blanche on the judging. Who and how many judges; rules and requirements; parade and routine; system of point tabulation—oh, everything—whatever I decide is quite agreeable with them. They must have rehearsed that speech, or copied it from Huey Long. It's slick. A masterpiece.

I let those hicks from the sticks beguile me into glad acceptance. A wise-guy from the Big City, I fall for their gold-brick. (For which I have never forgiven myself. Nor them.)

Just then Murphy's beautiful bride breezes up and winsomely asks her sombre-visaged boy-hubby for fifty centimes as she wants to enter the Beauty Contest. "Moiphy" tells her nothing-doing, as the committee is discouraging local entries—it don't want to seem to be doing any under-handed work, and don't want to gyp the visitors from afar, and don't think it fair for locals to try to hog things, etc. Now that's the spirit I admire. Self-sacrifice in the sacred name of hospitality. Impulsively I horn-in with vim and vigor:

"Aw, let 'er enter; if the judging is to be in my charge, it will be impartial, fair and fearless; I guarantee there will be NO kicks whatever." (Little I dreamed, ah, little I dreamed!) "Kansas City has labored long and faithfully to provide us plebian pilgrimagers with proper pastimes and Paradisian pastures; now, by my halidom, shall Kansas City's dainty daughters be penalized by being shunted to the sidelines? No, no, a thousand times no!"

Tony and "Moiphy" exchange glances; Tony shrugs his hands hopelessly—and the beaming Mrs. Murphy wriggles happily as she fills in a typed entry-blank.

I start the old bean buzzing. Try to find an artist, or a painter, or a sculptor. Half-hour wasted; no dice. Hard-luck. Old bean buzzes harder. Eureka, I have it! One man from each corner of the continent! Each representing a section having its own pet idea of what constitutes "beauty." Newspapermen preferred—hard-boiled brutes used to steeling their hearts against pitiful pleas. They can keep their heads in emergencies, and resist—

"The light that lies
In women's eyes—
And lies, and lies, and lies—and LIES."

Nigh an hour is wasted in this 104 heat, and your judges are signed-up as follows:

North—George Reeves, delegate from Toronto, Canada (Owns own print-shop; pillar-of-church; cool and ramrod-like.)

East—William A. Renner, New York City, business-manager of the nation's oldest weekly for the deaf, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. (Hard-boiled; pillar-of-church; has beautiful young wife, so won't go haywire.)

South—Gervais Gaiennie, Baton Rouge, La. (Teacher; was my team-pard in Goodyear's rubber-drying room on lonely night shifts just after the Armistice, so I personally know him to be highly moral, fair, and cool-headed.)

West—Tom Elliott, Los Angeles, California. (Edits new newspaper, *Silent Broadcaster*; has beautiful young wife, the "LaFeastia" singer of next night's banquet; if Californians don't know "beauty," who does?)

Central—Roy Conkling, delegate from Dayton, Ohio. (Editor *American Deaf Citizen*; bright boy; likes the ladies, so he ought to qualify.)

General—Me, I, and myself, Chicago—nicknamed "Fathead" Meagher by some with wrong sense of humor. (Probably traveled to, and lived in more sections of the country than most anyone present, which ought to qualify me.)

Now I'm asking the world, could YOU pick a better bunch of judges, all of a sudden, in 104-degree heat? Faith, and I thought not. Thank you.

We goose-step for the plunge, when we run into Arthur L. Roberts, Exalted Editor and Supreme Grand President of our society. Can say "NO" in seventeen languages. Just the man. I offer him a judgeship. Doing him a favor, knowing he will jump at the chance. To my surprise, the indolent-eyed little one suddenly jerks alert, his eyes flash, and he blurts an angry "NO!" Why, the ungrateful atom—and me trying to do him a favor! I argue he owes it to civilization, and to the forward march of progress to sacrifice his highly valuable loafing-time to such laudable endeavors in the uplift of humanity, for which his name shall go ringing down the deathless corridors of Time, etc., etc. To every honeyed argument, his "No" becomes more heatedly emphatic. I keep on arguing, and showing-off how many big words I think I know, of course, as always—until "Bobs" turns on his heel and stalks wrathfully away. How rude! Some day he's gonna be sorry!

(As events turned out "Bobs" was the brightest one of us all. He must have had a sense of second-sight and known what was coming!)

Now to draft the rules. It is easy to judge a state—or a sectional—contest, where only one or two real beauts are breezing by; but here is the FIRIST National Deaf Beauty Contest and most every entry is a real peach. Ordinary systems of rating won't do. So presently I devise a five-count program, to be computed on a basis of 100% on each count: ratings on Face, Form, Grace, Carriage, and General Excellence. Are you ready? Let 'er go, Gallagher!

(Alas! Oh, why did my mother never tell me?)

The outdoor outing pool—a concrete tank some 50 yards long—is jammed on three sides with spectators. Bright birds stand in the water for a worms-eye-view. I exhort my doughty confederates with that do-or-die spiel—pointing out the good name of fradom for fair play rests on our sturdy shoulders; personal preferences and suppressed-inhibitions must be ruthlessly blue-penciled with iron-hand as the satisfaction of our subscribers—er, I mean spectators—are paramount, etc., etc. Renner grins like a Cheshire cat. I gives him a glare, which changes to a guilty flush on realizing I have been quoting parts of his own pet spiel to correspondents.

Murphy starts the fifteen dainty dames drilling down the driveway, leisurely, one by one. One by one we judges take an eyeful, then start figuring feverishly, like you did at examination-time in dear old Gallaudet. Each judge compiling his rating, we signal for the next flawless fairy to float down the fairway; pause, pivot, poise, and pace away. Three girls eliminated on first parade—one a really beautiful creature. But she thumped a bit too heavy, so on the "grace" count she goes o-u-t! Three or four more counted out on the next parade. One of the most beautiful faces of them all, but slightly stoop-shouldered, hence o-u-t on the "carriage and general excellence" counts.

Again Conk has the most trouble with his figures. (I mean the figures he puts on paper, honest, not the "figures" he is supposed to figure on, see?) Thus: "96-95-85-90-87" he insists on painfully adding up, dividing by 5, and reaching an exact "90 3-5," instead of taking a hasty glance and calculating the total averages of 91 or 92, or maybe 90. He is too darn conservative and conscientious; we have already been at it most an hour, there are eight or nine girls yet to eliminate, the heat is 104, and I wanna drink.

While Conk is doing his backwards kindergarten home-work, I take a look-see at the other judges private calculations. Whee; this will never do. Too many "100" ratings on the young

beauties still in the running. We can't take all day. Local Committee has a long program of other events scheduled. With all four corners of the continent represented, we'll never reach a majority vote unless I can get 'em to step on the gas!

Woe! Woe! Woe! It is now I conceive the unfortunate idea of bringing out the faun-like grace, airy knee-action, and free-wheeling features of these 1935 model cars—pardon, I mean girls. (Or—as one angry angel afterwards expressed it, with flying fingers fluttering right under my battle-beaten nose—"Turning a staid and respectable performance into a wiggle-gley show like the Streets of Paris in your World's Fair.") I request the quarter-finalists to "float, cavort, dip and dance down the lane."

Ah; the contests begins to show elation and life. The proud marble of beautiful bodies begin animated antics. Three more throw-outs on this trip, though we judges find it like pulling teeth, that difficult. Again a parade. Some of those beauties would melt the statue of St. Anthony. For a wonder, we judges begin to agree. Our ratings now show three clear-cut stand-outs. Class dismissed—all but those three. Now for the final. Oh, boy, every single gray hair on mine honorable (but unhonored) head stands up in sheer delight as those three make Sally Rand look like some honky-tonk piker. I rate them 97, 96½, 96. Either of the three can justly be acclaimed Queen. But doubt we judges can poll a majority before nightfall.

I count ballots.

Ye gods and little fishes—the score is five to one. The Queen is chosen. I grab her with greedy claws, lead her to the edge of the pool, roughly thrusting aside some fatheaded but-tinskys who have already begun to horn into the limelight, and raise her arm like that of a victorious pugilist. (She don't get my idea, and half starts to resist and fight, durn her hide. Does she think I'm trying to flirt?) Murphy hastily pins on a big felt badge lettered "MISS N.F.S.D.," hands her the \$5 prize, and jots down the names, thusly:

Queen—Miss Irene Shaw, Saint Joseph, Mo.

Second—Mrs. N. H. Robertson, Kansas City, Mo.

Third—Miss Mabel Gates, Decatur, Ill.

The bunch lines-up for a big convention picture. You can see it yet—fifteen eye-filling peacherinos, and every one of the six judges peeking from behind! Yes, every one of the six judges—except me I was already having my hands full in the background, as angry friends and relatives of defeated contestants began to tell me their personal and private opinions of my self, my ancestors, and the Irish race as a whole. They began with gentle reprimands and loving phrases like "robber-umpire," blind monkey-on-a-stick," and kindred honeyed names, gradually shifting gears and hitting on high until they finally became downright threatening. You'd never believe civilized citizens and bounden brothers and faithful frats could think up such a plethora of piquant, profane, and peppy phrases—interspliced with threats which stopped just short of boiling in oil!

No! I am *not* in that treasured photograph, which you lug out to feast your eyes on when winter winds shall moan. I am holding the fort against peevish Philistines and bearing the brunt of the attack, while my honest, hard-working conferees are smiling in the sunshine and having their pictures took.

Off on the sidelines, quietly smiling the smile of the blessed, I descry one Arthur L. Roberts. Say, isn't that the wise one I had honored with a request to serve as judge? And, ah, how wise he was in knowing enough to decline!

(To be continued)

Walrus Hunt in Kane Basin

A walrus hunt is distinctively an Arctic adventure. Some other experiences that one may have in Greenland one can have in a modified form elsewhere.

One can fall into a crevasse in a Swiss as well as in a Greenland glacier. One can be caught in a terrible snow-storm and frozen to death in Dakota, or even occasionally in New York City. One can sometimes be shipwrecked amongst ice-floes in the Mississippi River. But nowhere except in very high latitudes can one find any creature like the walrus.

I doubt whether hunting the tiger himself is more exciting than hunting this ill-tempered amphibian; for there is usually only one tiger at a time to attack the hunter, but there are a hundred walrus. And sometimes a tiger runs away without a fight, but walrus—never!

The Peary Relief Expedition of 1892 first hunted walrus about midnight on July 26th when we had just reached our most northerly point. Our progress, in the *Kite*, toward the Humboldt glacier was checked at the southern entrance of Kane Basin by the solid ice-pack.

It was one of those still, sunlit Arctic nights when all the world seems to be waiting for something to happen. Not a breath of air was stirring; the black water was smooth as a cup of after-dinner coffee. The sun was very low; his rays, striking almost horizontally across the illimitable white fields, fell upon vast, strange ice-shapes floating at the edge of the solid pack. It tinged their northern sides with rose, and caused long, grotesque shadows to fall behind them on the water.

Creatures were moving about; gulls swept around the ship; little auks dived and swam; seals raised their heads to peer at us—but all in absolute, oppressive silence.

Suddenly, from the direction of the distant shore rang out a series of sharp barks. Every member of our party was on deck in a moment. Nearly every one had a theory about the noise. Some said it was made by one of Peary's dogs which had escaped from the team over on the inland ice, and by a long journey across country had come to the shore. Others said the dog belonged to some Eskimo family; but, as for that we knew there were no Eskimos so far north.

No one thought of any other animal than a dog, for none of us had ever yet heard a walrus barking. Long before we left Greenland waters we had learned to know that noise very well.

While, gathered in the ship's waist, we were listening, of a sudden came the *whish* of water falling from some sea-animal's back. Not a hundred feet away, upon the starboard side, was poised a big black head fierce with bristly mustaches, white tusks and glaring eyes. Before any one could level a rifle the head went down; there was a good deal of waving about of hind flippers, and the next thing we saw was the back of the black head a rod or two away, evidently making for some low floating ice-pans in the distance.

By this time our second mate, Mr. Dunphy, the keen-eyed, had descried upon these pans more walrus. He pointed them out to us—black spots on the white floes, like slugs on lily-petals. Before we had well made them out the small whale-boat was in the water and six of us tumbled in.

Our Eskimo interpreter, Daniel—if he had a native name it was doubtless polysyllabic, full of k's and quite unpronounceable for the white man—perched himself in the bow with his harpoon. Mr. Bryant took the steering oar and we pulled away.

We took to the small boat because walrus are shy of big ships. Daniel had hunted walrus before but not often, for he lived at Disko and the herd rarely swims as far south as that. The rest of us had seen only

the stuffed walrus in the museums, and, despite our intimate acquaintance with Schwatka's tales, did not quite realize that the live animals are not as tame as the stuffed ones.

As we drew near the ice-pans, one or two of the huge beasts stretched up their heads and regarded us with most insolent stares. A walrus has imperious manners, because he knows that no creature in the Arctic dares molest him while he is surrounded by friends.

The attitude he strikes in order to quiz an approaching boat is one of exceeding *hauteur*. It exposes his neck, however, and the back or side of the neck is his vulnerable spot. Even a "40-82" Winchester bullet will not penetrate the skin and underlying blubber of the breast so as to reach a vital spot, and, of course, nothing less than a small cannon-ball would, from in front, reach the brain, protected as it is by the roots of the tusks and two or three inches of bone behind them. So our marksmen fired at the sides of the heads, and, being skilful, succeeded in wounding severely two of the brutes.

Forthwith there was a great bellowing and scuffling, and from all the ice-pans the black bodies flopped into the sea. The gait of a walrus on ice is, without doubt, the most awkward movement habitual with any living creature.

We made for one of the wounded animals and, with some trouble, gave Daniel a chance to harpoon him. One must strike a walrus on his under side, for the skin on his back is impervious to harpoons.

Quite contented, with our prize in tow, we started to row back to the ship, a mile away. We had a walrus to mount for the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia; that was all we wanted. The other animals had disappeared, except a few that watched us from a safe distance.

Presently one of these dived and came up nearer us. Before any one could shoot him, he was down again, and then up rose his big tusks and bristled muzzle not twenty feet away. Again his flippers waved in the air; then followed silence. We looked at each other, and stopped rowing, to wait. Presently came a rasping sound along our keel; then the boat rose, forward. Those of us who had not hugged a thwart slid in a heap down into the stern-sheets. Higher and higher rose the bow. The boat seemed about to turn a back somersault. But by good luck, just at the critical moment, she slid off sideways, and there, swashing about in the water, was a broad black back.

Somebody found a gun; there were half a dozen quick reports, and the walrus turned over helpless. He was captured with a boat-hook.

Hardly had we made him fast when some one called out, "Look there!" and turning to the port side we saw one of the most magnificent spectacles in the world; the charge of a herd of walrus.

There were thirty or so, in three ranks, dressed almost regularly, like soldiers. Bearing their heads high, with white tusks gleaming fiercely and with great red disks of eyes glaring balefully through the smother of foam churned up around their breasts, they came dashing at us.

A man may be surfeited with dangers passed through; he may have hunted every kind of fierce beast; he may even snap his fingers, as some veterans do, at the mention of lions or tigers or rhinoceroses; but, though he be the bravest and calmest of sportsmen, he will find his pulses throbbing when he faces a herd of angry walrus.

They are so big, the walrus, and their tusks and bristles look so fierce, and the glare of their eyes is so uncanny—it is as if two red moons were glaring at you. Then the beasts are so very angry; and if but one of them should get his tusks upon the gunwale of the boat, over she would go in an instant. A walrus weighs half

a ton, and is strong in proportion to his weight.

I thought it was all up with us and so, I think, did every one else. But Mr. Bryant, who was in command, shouted, "Let them have it, fellows!" He played away, and those of us who had anything to shoot with followed suit. On came the walrus, however, in the teeth of it all, till they were within five yards of us, and then some of the leaders fell—shot, mostly, in the eyes—and, lying on the water, impeded the charge. Whereupon the rest, in fear, turned all at once, like soldiers, in company, and made off, glaring back at us over their shoulders.

But hardly were they out of range before another herd charged on the starboard side and then another ahead!

I don't remember details after that. How many times they came I cannot say, nor how many walrus there were. Mr. Dunphy, who was watching us from the ship, is said to have remarked: "By heavens, sir, I believe all the walrus in Greenland is there, sir!" and to have added, "By heavens, sir, I think they're afraid of 'em, sir!" I don't think any of us had time to be afraid. I don't remember anything but the confusion, the excitement, the big red eyes, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Entriiken and Mr. Stokes shouting and firing, and the white foam around the white breasts, and how heavy the boat was to pull with the two dead walrus in tow.

Doctor Mills and I were rowing, being without rifles because our leader, Professor Hielpin, very wisely deemed three guns in a boat enough.

Once in the midst of the turmoil a huge head rose behind me, not a foot away. Doctor Mills, who was nearest it, drove the spur of an alpenstock into it, and Mr. Stokes fired seven shots at it out of his forty-four caliber revolver. We found the bullets afterward between the skin and the skull, and mostly flattened. The tusks were over the gunwale when Mr. Bryant, with his Winchester, got a clear shot at the back of the neck, and the danger was over.

After that there were more charges, but presently some one shouted that the *Kite* was steaming toward us. Then all at once there were no more walrus.

The sea was as smooth and black as ever. Not even a swirl was left to show where the walrus, at last aware that they were beaten, were swimming away under water.

We had many another brush with the walrus; in fact, there was a fight whenever they came within rowing distance. And we had many more kinds of experiences with the great brutes—so many that the memory of no one stands out now more than that of the others. But I am quite sure that no one who was in the boat will ever forget the element of unexpectedness in the first fight.

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Deafness Laid to Drugs

CLEVELAND, July 19.—Dr. G. H. Meyers, of Tulsa, Okla., told the American Osteopathic Society of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, in session here today, that congenitally deaf children, in many cases, could blame their deafness on medicinal drugs administered to their mothers during the pre-natal period.

"Drugs circulating in the blood act upon the auditory never more often than any other nerve of special sense," Dr. Meyers said. "The chief offender appears to be quinine, then the salicylates, then alcohol."—N. Y. World-Telegram.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church Services—Every Sunday at 4 P.M.
Holy Communion at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.
Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 5. Evening, 7 to 9. Daily except Sunday.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month except July, August and September, at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Charles B. Terry, Secretary, 511 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Lester Cahill, chairman of the Entertainments, wishes to remind all of the socials the last Saturday of each month. From the Nevins Street station (I. R. T. subway) or the DeKalb Avenue station (B.M.T.), take the DeKalb trolley car and stop at Adelphi Street.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Temple Beth-El, 76th St., Cor. 5th Ave.
Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 4 East 76th Street, New York City; or Arthur Kruger, Secretary, 723 East 175th Street, Bronx, New York City.
Religious Services held every Friday evening at 8:30. Athletic and other activities every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf, Inc.

248 West 14th Street, New York City (BMT and 8th Ave. Subways at door)
Business meeting First Tuesday Evening
Socials Every Second Sunday Evening.
ALL WELCOME
For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:
George Lynch, President, 712 East 237th St., New York City.
Charles Spiterali, Secretary, 241 East 113d St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Nathan Schwartz, President; Joseph F. Mortiller, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee Sick and Disability Association of New York

For Catholic Deaf, between Ages of 16-55
Meets at 8-12 Nevins Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., on second Saturday of each month. Socials on every fourth Saturday.
Dues are from 25c to 65c per month. Sick benefits \$5.00 to \$10.00 per week, for eight to ten weeks in a year.
For full information, write to either John P. Haff, President, 30-43 49th St., Astoria, L. I., or Frank J. Cunningham, Secretary, 685 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.
English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.
Charles H. Klein, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silent Athletic Club, Inc., of Philadelphia, Pa.

3535 Germantown Ave.

Club-rooms open to visitors during week-ends, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and during holidays. Business meeting every second Friday of the month. Harry J. Dooner, President. For information write to Howard S. Ferguson, Secretary, 250 W. Sparks Street, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 1)

Summer is almost over, and the various committees of deaf societies of Greater New York have already begun to make arrangements for the 1935-36 season, now nearly at hand.

The Ephpheta Society of the Deaf have secured the same hall in Brooklyn to stage their annual Basketball and Dance. Last winter the Fanwood basketers won possession of the Father McCarthy trophy, so the Ephphetans will offer another tempting trophy, to be contested for by the Fanwoodites and the New Jersey School champions of 1935.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League's various committees too have begun to get ready for the coming season. The two chairmen of the Entertainment and the Literary Committees, Messrs. Eddie Kirwin and H. J. Carroll, who at Fanwood played on both the baseball nine and basketball team, by their new undertakings, generally attract a large attendance in the assembly room of the League, and as they are now mapping some newer innovation for the coming season for the pleasure of the New York deaf, the indications of a greater attendance seems assured.

Herbert Koritzer, the head of the Athletic Committee, has yet to announce the big winter event, but will stage, as already announced, a big athletic meet in the League's assembly room. He intimates it will be something never tried heretofore, and will prove to be very interesting to all who attend.

Chairman Barr of the 50th Anniversary Committee, since he has made nearly all the arrangements for the celebration, is now centered on raising more and more funds to lessen the cost of the banquet tickets, and at the next meeting will announce his plans as approved by his committees.

Mr. Edward Sohmer and Miss Kaplan last week obtained permission to inspect the new and superior French ocean liner "Normandie," and they were much impressed with its wonders. The boat has four elevators and can house as many as the largest hotel in New York. They did not have time to inspect even half of this monarch of the sea. They hope to have another chance to see more of the ship when it again comes to its New York port.

Mrs. Charles Terry went to Monticello for a month's vacation till Labor Day. Mr. and Mrs. D. Aellis, Messrs. Blend and Rayner, will accompany Mr. Terry up there and stay over the holiday.

The 19th of August was the birthday of Michael Ciavolino and a party was tendered to him at his Long Island home, with most of the Woodside deaf there. Michael, Junior, finished his two weeks vacation at Fishkill, N. Y., and returned home with a tan face and robust health.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Allegart and Mr. and Mrs. Kerwin Pearsall of Maplewood, N. J., spent the week-end of August 24th in the Catskills as guests of Mr. Edward Ragna at Stone Ridge, N. Y. Pierre's skill at broiling steaks in the big fireplace has made him welcome evermore.

Mr. Hollis Arnold of Minneapolis, recently visited New York for the first time and was entertained by Mr. Harry Stein. Mr. Arnold is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and won a scholarship of a trip to New York to study modern architectural designs.

Altor L. Sedlow returned to town with his family on August 28th after a stay at Fenelon Falls, Ontario. Besides the good air and hearty meals at the Canadian resort, Altor declares the fishing was great, all the big ones fighting for the chance to grab his hook.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Rubenstein, whose marriage took place on August 17th, are honeymooning at Lake Sheldrake, N. Y., for two weeks.

A birthday party at Rockaway Park on August 17th was tendered to Miss Mary Kennelly by the bungalow girls there.

Misses Mary Flanagan and Mary Kirby spent their two weeks vacation at Rockaway Beach during August.

James Garrick is spending his vacation in the state of New Jersey, famed for its seashore resorts.

Coach Robey Burns is returning from abroad with his track team, and is due to arrive at New York Friday the 6th, on the Aquianta.

Wheeling, W. Va.

A couple of mutes secured licenses here Friday. The permits were issued by Raymond J. Falland, Ohio County clerk. The couple were married later by local ministers.

The mutes were Frederick Gabay, 40, and Virgie E. Ashcraft, 26, both of Cleveland. The bridegroom, in the excitement, forgot his pencil with which he was writing out information necessary when securing the license. He returned about a half hour later all smiles and recovered the pencil, writing that he was "now a married man."—*Wheeling Intelligencer*, Aug. 31.

Second Annual Ball

given by

NEW JERSEY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

of the

NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

to be held at

NEW UKRAINIAN CENTER

188 Fleet Street, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Saturday Evening, September 28, 1935, at 8 o'clock

Music by Howard Nicoll's and His Orchestra

DANCE CONTEST

REFRESHMENTS ON SALE

Admission

(including Wardrobe)

75 Cents

Directions: Take Hudson and Manhattan Tube to Journal Square, walk 6 blocks north to Fleet Street on Summit Avenue or take Public Service Bus 16 at Hotel Plaza to Fleet Street one block from Holland Highway.

SPARKLING**SENSATIONAL****"SMOKER"**

Under Auspices of

The HARTFORD SILENT CLUB

at

Hartford's Largest and Most Elaborate

HOTEL BOND

338 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

Saturday, September 21, 1935

8 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Admission**One Dollar**

(Including Hotel Bond's delicious beer and assorted sandwiches)

1918--1935**Everybody, Listen:**

We of the Springfield Division No. 67, N. F. S. D., are sponsoring our Gala Birthday Weekend Affair of October 12 and 13 at Hotel Clinton located at 1976 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

SAVE THESE DATES**Hear Our Good News:**

Our Grand President Roberts is coming to help us celebrate our birthday. Will you come and help us be merry at our birthday party?

COME ONE! COME ALL!**Peep a Wee Bit:**

Night Club Dance a la Cabaret Style at El Patio, Hotel Clinton, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock

Testimonial Dinner for Grand President Roberts at El Patio, Hotel Clinton, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Followed by speeches and professional entertainment.

GRAND EXTRAORDINARY PROGRAM**Sez Ripley:**

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: Two days of real enjoyment; Saturday Night Club Dance and Sunday Turkey Dinner for an unusual value of

TWO DOLLARS

You will find it worthwhile to be with us and get acquainted with President Roberts in our friendly city.

Enough said! Come and see for yourself!

Hotel Accommodations:

Hotel Clinton offers rooms to visitors at special rates during our gala week-end. For reservations, write to F. L. Ascher, 193 Pine Street, Springfield, Mass.

F. L. ASCHER

Committee on Arrangements

H. S. WHITEHOUSE

J. E. HAGGERTY

E. A. SARGENT

1910**1935****Twenty-Fifth Anniversary****BANQUET**

of

Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D.

at

The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Ninth and Chestnut Streets

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Saturday Evening, October 19, 1935

at seven o'clock

TICKETS**\$2.50 A COVER**

Notice.—Reservations for plates must be accompanied by P. O. money order or check payable to John A. Roach, 220 W. Sulis Street, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa., before October 12th.

COMMITTEE.—John A. Roach, *Chairman*; Eugene Kier, *Secretary*; James L. Jennings, *Treasurer*; Lloyd N. Armor, Charles A. Kepp, Frank J. Kuhn, Sylvan G. Stern, Issac Zeidelman.